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MARCH 29, 1923

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Life

The Lawless

WHEN the buds are ripe to blossom in the balmy air
of spring,
And there's perfume in the breezes and new life in every-
thing,
Must they hesitate to bloom again as they were wont to do
Because we have a statute that their color must be blue?

When the chrysalis is longing to become a butterfly,
And display its gleaming glories ere its hour of life goes
by,
Must it check its wish to free itself, and on its wings to
climb,
Because its wings are beautiful—and beauty is a crime?

Must robin, wren and oriole, and all the birds that sing,
Abstain from paying tribute with their music to the
spring?—

Alas, I hardly dare to ask, I'm really scared because
In rhyming in an idle way perhaps I'm breaking laws.

E. S. V. Z.



She: Are you familiar with the score of this opera?
He: No! But never mind the score—just so it doesn't go extra innings!

Mrs. Pep's Diary



March 24th The year is now at the spring, which many persons are glad of, and I too, in a way, albeit this season hath since my childhood been fraught with an underlying sadness which I cannot understand and which gives me a frustrate feeling unknown at other times of the year. The softer air is grateful; it is pleasant to leave off wearing spats and to dispense with annealing ointments for the skin. But I hold with Mistress Edna Mil-lay that April is not enough. Though all nature awakens and fresh paint scents the breeze, I find no renaissance

in myself, God help me, being afflicted, on the contrary, with a lassitude which I am at some pains to overcome. It delights me, however, to purchase new apparel, and this morning I did lay

out a considerable sum thereon, being solvent at the moment and mindful of my birthday cheque, which I pray I may not have disbursed utterly before it is due. . . To a great party in the evening, wearing my fine new red slippers, but they pained me until I was loath to dance, so four of us stole to a distant room for a bout at bridge. But Lord! some zanies were playing Spanish and Chinese musick on a gramophone beyond the doors, the ungodliest strains that ever I heard in my life, until we were at our wits' ends to keep up the game. Sam, when they

left for a moment, did dash forth to the hallway and place the records they had played on the stairs, praying that some errant guest would tread on them. But none did. And so, after a few noisy rubbers, home and to bed.

March 25th Sam in a twitter because he fancied the new gin (Lord's Day) to have a strange perfume, and wondering what Jack Mitchell would think of it, whereupon I hoped aloud that Jack would think so ill of it as to drink none soever, he having been superspirited the last time he was at our house. . . All manner of rag, tag and bobtail come for supper, after which they fell to dancing. Sam, having overheard a mild complaint about the floor, did, without my knowledge, sprinkle it with bicarbonate of soda, lamely as-asserting, when the casualties began, that he could find nothing else. And Jack Mitchell, poor wretch, who would have been unsteady on a dirt floor, did knock over and break the lamp given us for Christmas by our cozen Amy, for which I thank God. B. L.



"Think you'll ever marry, Eleanor?"
 "No, probably not. Men don't like women with brains."

Man's Tribute

FAIR is she, with a face that would have launch'd at least 1100 ships. There she sits, and as she speaks, her face is aglow with animation. To her—she is the young and beautifully dressed woman in the street car advertisement—are listening, rapt, enthralled, three men. They are all intelligent-appearing.

"Admiration," says the picture's descriptive legend, "is man's tribute to the woman who can fairly and accurately discuss both sides of important questions. *The Literary Digest.*"

Shall we eavesdrop? Why not? What might we hear?

"Well," one of the admiring men might say, "it looks as though we were in for a cold spell."

"It does, in a way," says the Not Impossible She. "Indeed, the *Akron Times* (Dem.) says: 'For to-morrow, much colder'; but the *Wichita Beacon* (Rep.) observes: 'The cold weather seems to be about ended, and a period of warmer days is imminent.' 'A terrific cold wave, with concomitant hardships on the working people, the third cold wave of the Harding capitalistic administration, is predicted for to-night,' says the *New York Call* (Soc.)."

"Oh, your fairness!" cries Admirer No. 2. "Divinely fair, I'd call you. Say, seen any good shows lately?"

"I have seen John Barrymore, in 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' a Tragedy, by William Shakespeare. Produced by Arthur Hopkins."

"Any good?" asks Admirer No. 3, who, up to this time, had taken no part in the conversation.

"Thrilling," says Heywood Brown in the *New York World* (Dem.). 'Gorgeous,' is the way Alexander Woollcott characterizes, in the *New York Herald* (Rep.), the Barrymore version of the *Elsinore* drama. 'Leaves something to be desired,' says J. Rankin Towse, in the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.)."

"Those critics are all college men, are they not?" asks Admirer No. 3, emboldened by his success.

"Speaking of colleges," the young admired woman says, "listen to this, which is entitled 'His Own Fault':"

"**HUBBY:** 'You're three-quarters of an hour late. What do you mean keeping me standing around like a fool?'"

"**THE WIFE:** 'I can't help the way you stand.'"



"Do you think a woman should tell everything she knows?"
"Yes, but that's all."

"From the Leland Stanford University *Chaparral.*"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" cry the three Admirers, as one man. "And how," asks Admirer No. 1, "about going down to the corner and getting a Biscuit Tortoni, if you know what I mean?"

"Indeed I do know what you mean," the adored one says. "*Biscuit Tortoni* is the name of a preparation of ice-cream coated with almond dust and served in stiff paper cups. *Tortoni* is the name of the chef who devised it."

And as they went out into the cold—as the *Syracuse Post-Standard* (Rep.) had said it was going to be—night, it was hard to tell, as they strolled toward the Biscuit Tortoni shop, which of the men, vying in their tributes to her ability to discuss both sides of important questions fairly and accurately, admired her most.

F. P. A.

If the Russian Influence Continues on Broadway—

CHAIN cigar-stores giving rubles for certificates.

One-arm lunches featuring caviar. Pavlova ousting Gilda Gray as cabaret dancer.

Sanitary barber shops refusing to cut hair.

Ticket scalpers speaking their native language.

Cossacks working as mounted traffic cops.

Dance halls featuring the Fox Trotsky.

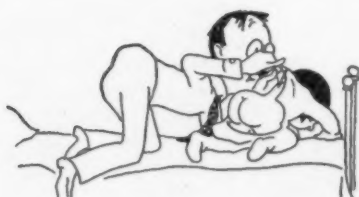
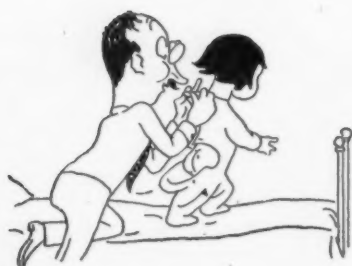
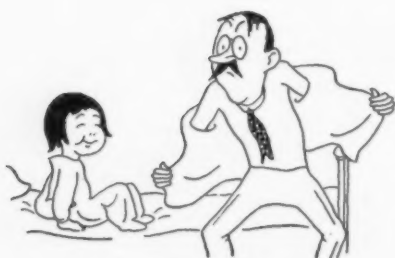
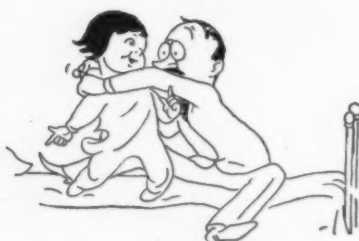
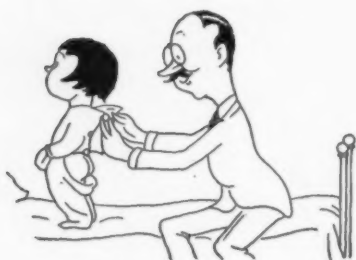
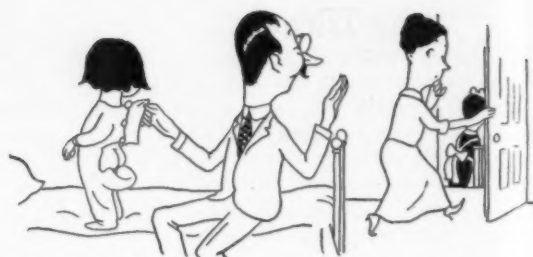
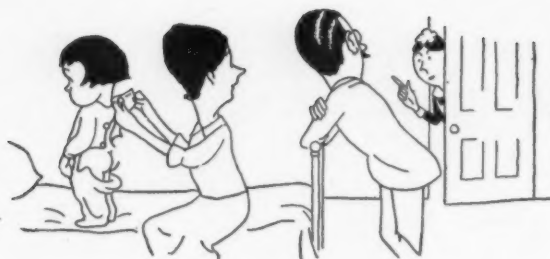
A semi-nude statue of Isadora Duncan in Longacre Square.

Chain shirt-shops pushing Red shirts and neckties.

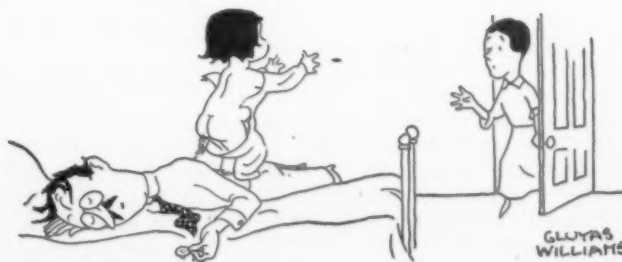
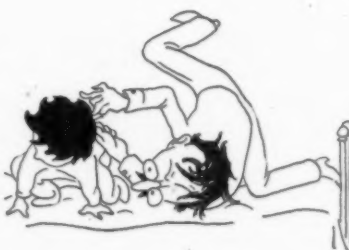
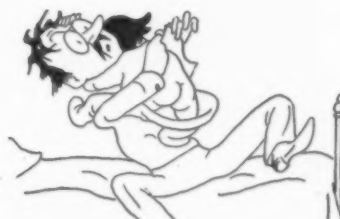
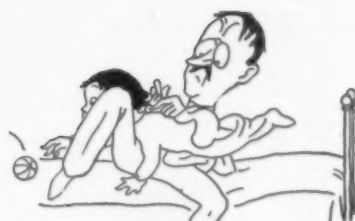
Billboards plastered with wood cuts of the Smithski Brothers.

George M. Cohan taking dancing lessons from Fokine.

N. O'H.



Buttons—I



GLUYAS
WILLIAMS

Buttons—II

*That's 26 feet
a day!
Shame! Shame!*

*Oh, doctor! Oh, doctor!
And I am 9 days
behind*



The New Manhattan Malady

"ARE you excessive in your use of tobacco, coffee, liquor or insomnia?" the great brain specialist asked me. I replied that I was not. He then asked me to describe a typical day of my life.

"I eat a light breakfast and read F. P. A. at the breakfast table." At this juncture, I broke into one of my periodic spells of hysteria. "Doctor, what CAN I do? What can I do? I am nine days—"

"Be calm, my friend," he said in his motherly way.

"Then I go down-town. I read Heywood Broun's column on the way down. Doctor, doctor!"

"Control yourself. Go on."

"At the office I smoke a cigarette, read Igoe's sport column, then Don Marquis' column, then Grantland Rice's column. Doctor, doctor! Doctor—!"

"Hum!" said the doctor.

"I work a while, then I go out to an early lunch, buy a *Globe* and an *Evening Post*—"

"And read H. I. Phillips, Doc Crane, Round the Town, and Christopher Morley. I know, I know," said the great specialist. "Your case is not at all uncommon. We are having many of them. You have had a column breakdown. You have what we call Verticalis Columnitis. You must leave New York. You are now in the secondary stage, that of Conscientious Column Consumption—"

"Doctor, I am nine days behind in my column reading."

"You will soon be in the tertiary stage of Verticalis Columnitis. Your head will begin to go up and down.

You must leave New York, go somewhere where they never heard of these column guys. You probably never heard of them yourself until you came to New York. Well, that proves you can get along without them. You must leave New York."

"But, doctor, I cannot leave my business."

"Your business will go to pot if you stay here and persist in this—"

"I can't leave my business."

"Well, there is just one alternative, but it will take a lot of character. You must cut out columns. You can stay here in New York if you will promise me that, and promise me to read a dozen comic strips a day to develop your sidewise neck and brain muscles. Do you read Mutt & Jeff? No? Well, try that, and Little Mary Mixup, and Bringing Up Father and Rube Goldberg. You think you are behind in your column reading. My boy, what ails you is that you are behind in your horizontal reading. I prescribe a dozen comic strips a day for you—a daily dozen. Those sidewise neck and brain muscles—all those delicate little nerves. Come back again in two months."

D. H.

Triplet

GIVE back the heart that I gave;

Keeping it never can mend it.

See, I can smile, and be brave.

Give back the heart that I gave,

Hold it no more as your slave,—

I've got a new place to send it.

Give back the heart that I gave;

Keeping it never can mend it.

D. P.

The Deserted Village

Scene: Sherry's

SHE

Everybody's out of town.

HE

Absolutely everybody.

SHE

The place is perfectly empty.

HE

Perfectly.

SHE

You don't see a soul anywhere.

HE

No. Everyone's gone away.

SHE

I haven't done a thing for weeks.

HE

Neither have I.

SHE

There's simply nothing going on.

HE

No, there isn't a thing to do.

SHE

Everyone's South.

HE

Everyone really is.

SHE

I think I'll go away.

HE

I wish I could.

SHE

Yes, I think I'll go to Florida.

HE

Everybody's in Florida.

SHE

Yes, I'll go next week.

HE

You'll see everybody there.

SHE

Yes, I suppose so.

HE

Of course you will.

SHE

There's nobody left in town.

C. G. S.

The Tea

PICTURE hats and *petits fours*, sophomores and silk ties, débütantes and Dimitrinos. Chaperones and slices of lemon, fox-trots and grape-juice punch, silver fox wraps and iced water. Dates made for the matinée and plans for next summer, balanced cups and saucers, thin slices of buttered bread, couples on stairs, ice cream, immaculate footmen, enthusiastic farewells.

PROUD FATHER (*excitedly*): Well, doctor, is it a boy?

"A bouncing, ten-pound baby vamp."



*She: I'd rather dance than eat, wouldn't you?
He: Well, I think I eat best.*

The Puritanical Solution

ONCE there was a Puritan whose conscience was as rigid as a steel beam.

It chanced that he had contracted the habit of smoking, and upon reflection he decided that it must be a vice, since indulgence in it gave him pleasure. So he resolved to end the practice, and he did.

But cessation of smoking resulted

in his becoming healthier. So he enjoyed greater happiness, through not smoking, than he had ever known through smoking.

Pondering over this, he decided that he had been wrong to give up smoking, because he had gained happiness by ending the practice. He was certain that anything that added to his enjoyment of life was wrong.

However, he could not go back to smoking, because, even though his happiness might be less, he would still know some; and he could not reconcile with his conscience a practice which gave him some pleasure.

In the end, he solved his problem by chewing tobacco, because he became frightfully ill every time he did it.

J. K. M.



Things LIFE Would Rather Like to Know

WHETHER Congress is enjoying its vacation as much as the rest of the country.

If William Hohenzollern now considers his marriage certificate merely a scrap of paper.

Why lawyers' arguments are called briefs.

Whether gas at a dollar a gallon will have any effect upon the utterances of Senator La Follette.

What has become of the old-fashioned policeman who used to catch runaways.

If Jupiter Pluvius has begun training for the opening of the baseball season.

How long before the Sunday amusement law will be invoked against the sermons of Dr. Percy Grant.

Whether junket is the favorite dessert ordered in the Senate restaurant.

If the appointment of Dwight F. Davis to the War Department is an effort to settle the Lenglen-Mallory controversy.

Why it should take a woman longer to change her dress than her mind.

Whether Tut-ankh-Amen's defense of his treasures for three thousand years didn't take a lot of sand.

If the French are being guided by a policy of thanks to England and tanks to Germany.

How many tons of newsprint paper and how much ink will be required to see Babe Ruth through the approaching campaign.

If the public doesn't find it increasingly hard to believe Anderson's fairy tales.

Whether the purpose of the Harding Administration is to make the United States safe for Democracy.

What is Lord Carnarvon's honest opinion of *lèse majesté*.

Whether lame ducks are not somehow related to homing pigeons.

What the Washington bootleggers do with their time when Congress adjourns.

Where do we go from here, Lafayette.

A Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a man named Smith who was never able to save a cent. No matter how much he earned, he always found that at the end of the year he was just as hard up as he was at the beginning. One day a friend said to him, "How much do you spend on food and clothes each year?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," answered Smith.

The friend smiled in a superior manner. "What you need," he said, "is a budget. I keep a book in which I write down every cent I spend,—even if it's only two cents for a newspaper."

"That's a swell idea," said Smith.

So he went out and bought a budget book for two dollars and ninety-five cents. It was beautifully ruled, and divided into columns headed Clothes, Rent, Food, Amusements, Doctors, Charities, and so forth.

For a whole year Smith wrote down in the book everything he spent. At the end of the year he took the book out and examined it. He found that he had earned four thousand, two hundred and twelve dollars and forty cents; the book showed that he had spent four thousand, two hundred and eleven dollars and fifteen cents. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a dollar and twenty-five cents.

"Well," said Smith, "it certainly proves that there's nothing like being methodical." So he picked up the book and threw it out of the window.

Moral

Sometimes There Is Madness in Method. N. L.



Tourist: Were you ever lost?

Puncher: Yep, the last time I was in New York.



"Ain't ya ever afraid of cuttin' yaself, Papa? Frankie Casey's father cut hisself somethin' terrible. They got a doctor 'n everything. That was a year ago 'n the scars still show."



"I betcha if that razor slipped you'd cut ya head clean off. Yes, sir! Clean off!"
 "Skippy, run down and ask Mama to give you a dime, then run out and get a soda."



"Mama, Papa says you should give me a dime, please, Mama, Papa says."
 "I only have bills, dear."



"Papa, Mama hasn't any change."
 "Then look in my coat pocket."



"Papa, I looked through all your coats and there ain't one little penny—no, sir!"
 "Well, look in this left-hand trouser pocket!"



"Ooh!! I got a dime!"



"Thank heavens! I can shave in peace, now."



Buddie: Yah! Ya-went-an'-gived-Skippy-a-dime-'n-ya-never-gived-me-one! Yah-boo-hoo!



"Shave."

My Husband Says



HAT I can go anywhere I like to lunch, when I go to town shopping.

So I go to the Cordon Bleu. It's just a little French café, but I meet such interesting people there.

I troubled a lady for the salt, one day, and she told me that she mended gloves for a shop, all day long; and she gets so tired of mending that she just hates to mend her stockings.

So she inks her heels.

I think it is such a clever idea.

But she's awfully glad the other holes don't show, because she says she wouldn't care to wear ink anywhere else. Her husband is an artist, and he wears the cutest, sharp little goatee; and a big bow tie in a heavenly shade of red.

I wanted to get one like it for my husband; but he said he'd feel like a nut in it.

He says that I must try to smother the maternal instinct, or whatever it is that inspires me to buy things for him to wear.

But I think the bow softens the line of the goatee, and they are ever so happy together.

I mean the artist and his wife are.

And they talk about sunshine in dark places, and things like that; and I love to sit at their table.

But I was late yesterday, because I had to exchange a lot of Easter presents that I didn't like; and I think sales persons are so slow when one is exchanging.

So every chair but one was taken.

Mrs. Chelsea Pherry sat opposite; and she is awfully rich, sometimes.

She was eating the first special for that day; and it was fifty cents, and a Hamburg steak, with tomato sauce.

I thought it looked lovely, like a little rock in a henna lake.

And it was garnished with a perfectly stunning dill pickle.

I said wasn't it a charming café; and she said, quite haughtily, I thought: "I NEVER lunch here. I ALWAYS go to the Ritzaine."

I said I loved to come to the Cordon Bleu, on the days when my husband lunched at the Rotary.

She said, that her husband said, that he wouldn't bathe in the same ocean with the Rotarians.

But my husband said that I must not feel bad; for her husband was only jealous because he couldn't join.

He said that every man who knows her husband calls him everything but his first name.

L. B. S.



Harvard Graduate: The members of my class who have married have had an average of a little less than two children.

Vassar Graduate: Isn't that remarkable? The married women of my class have averaged almost three. I wonder what that proves?

"Oh, not much. Simply that women have more children than men."



The Young Financier: How many marks for a cent to-day?

Matrimoanially Speaking

I AM what you might call an author. I have lately resorted to the bonds of matrimony as a means of linking up with inspiration. And the experiment is succeeding beyond my wildest imagination.

Evrey timme I Get niCley startttded on a sTorry my sweet litle wiife plumpes herself downn in mMy lapp and coverrs mY face wiTH Kisses. OF Courses thIs makkes it sommewhat difiicult to typerite,,to ssay notHiNG OF THE Dificulty oof commposing innn my ordinnarrilly vapidd sstylee,,AND hereinn,Ifele sure liess my best hopp of fame and fortune. PRety soon somme longg34haired connoissseure of aRT Wiil spott mme as a futur-isTiC geniUS. oR s ome ggood heartted colege proffessor Will "discover" mme as tthe blankett blankk verse writerr of the dAY. And fuuure genferaattons wwil ssstudyMe

... AND forr alll thiss succes 1%11 havv my Darrlinf Wiffe too Thannk,, SHE q"2WillHAVE zzzzproduCED %Thatt little tuchh oF MYstery thAt Invariabvly provokkes thE applaus oof THE crittiCs, ((sO Kisse me againn. LOVE. annd gett thiss buy LIfe for me())

As i Said at thee Outsett. I am wHat you might call an %"\$"/;@!!

W. B.

Spring Triolet

SPRING is coming with lightsome feet

Stuck in a pair of floppy galoshes; Nestlings warble their "tweet, tweet, tweet,"

Spring is coming with lightsome feet,

Daffodils, tulips and daisies sweet, Colds, umbrellas and mackintoshes.

Spring is coming with lightsome feet,

Stuck in a pair of floppy galoshes.

B. I.

Spiritual Law in the Natural World

THIS treatise shall be to the point—thus:

SPIRITUAL GRAVITY

This solemn urge may be observed in the department of telegraph poles, stone posts, judges ("during good behavior"), politicians (in office), and servants (when present).

No telegraph post ever laughed!—no matter how the wires buzzed. No stone post, judge, politician, or servant was ever observed to be sportively good-humored.

The law was first discovered by Eve, who surpassed Newton (a scientific man) in initiative. She got her apple by strategy. Newton slept till his fell on his nose. Neither was ever the same afterward!

Owing to its discoverer, the law acts in inverse proportion to the use of cosmetics.

R. K. M.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church has let its voice be heard. It did so on March 9th, in Washington, and it spoke with feeling on the subject of Prohibition enforcement. It said: "If any naval or army officer, high or low, has patronized a bootlegger, the fact should be thoroughly established; he should be stripped of his uniform and turned out in disgrace. We will go further than that. If any member of Congress, no matter whether he voted wet or dry, can be shown to have patronized a bootlegger, the fact should be given the utmost possible publicity. He should be held up to the contempt of every honest and sincere man."

That is a voice that we have often heard before and in connection with other subjects besides Prohibition. It is not still nor yet small, but it is familiar. It is a voice that says: "Now damn you! do as I tell you or you will learn right quick where you get off." That is the voice these Methodists are using. It will not be difficult to meet them on that level nor yet to beat them. The worst thing for Prohibition as it stands is the use of that voice, and to people who are not satisfied with Prohibition as it is, the sound of it must be very welcome.

After providing for the disgrace of naval or army officers who do not respect the laws the Methodists approve, observe that this Board says: "We will go further than that. We will expose Congressmen too." But to expose Congressmen is not going

further. It is not nearly so bad as their purpose to disgrace officers of the army or navy. Congressmen are free agents and exceptionally well equipped with powers for self-protection. Moreover, they have responsibilities about the Volstead Law because they passed it. If they violate it, expose them by all means. It may help to get the Volstead Law amended. But officers of the army and navy are just like other people so far as bootleggers go.

If the more violent Methodists insist that Uncle Sam's hair shall be cut to suit them, and that what they disapprove shall go out of life, they invite opposition of a very different quality from the opposition of the makers and sellers of rum, the saloon interests and the politicians connected with them. They invite opposition from the best intelligence and the best morality of the country, a very resolute resistance, enlisted to protect American life from vindictive fanaticism.



BISHOP MANNING says there is no such thing as religion without the supernatural, which is true. But suppose the supernatural should come to be understood, what effect would that have on religion? A lot of brethren, very good people, are working hard in these days to investigate and understand the supernatural. They believe in it quite as much as Dr. Manning does, and they understand how necessary it is to religion, but they are all for finding out about it and understanding it and proving what is true about it, and getting it out of the supernatural and into the fold of things whereof the laws are understood. They want to prove immortality. They want to prove communication with the invis-

ible world, and it looks quite a bit as if they were going to do it.

How will Dr. Manning feel about that? The church people as a rule do not want too much proved. They want a lot of things to be taken on faith and are apt to object to investigation. They are reconciled to the supernatural and shy at the understanding of it. It is funny, but probably it is not new. There have always been people who would rather believe than know. It makes less trouble for them. Their responsibility is less.



SOME good ideas are certainly getting about. One finds them where you would least expect them to be found. It is an American college president who says: "The crime of American education to-day is that it smothers the creative mind. I look forward to the time when the true American universities will not stand by and smile or sneer when somebody does something that has never been done before."

IT was Lord Falkland who said: "When it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." His observation applies to the new two-cent stamps, the only ones of the new issue that everybody has seen. The new stamps may be worthy of the present administration, but they are not a credit to the country.

MANY friends and readers of LIFE will join with us, we are sure, in the regret with which we record that, for reasons entirely personal, Mr. George B. Richardson, Advertising Manager of the paper since 1908, has quit his job, retiring for a while from active business altogether.

E. S. M.



THE MONTH



[Signature]

Topping Mount Tanier

At Grips with the Glaciers

By Walter E. Traprock



MT. TANIER? Does that ring strangely on your ears? Before telling you my tale let me explain. For years a question of nomenclature has disrupted a section of our country. A certain mountain peak which possesses a glacial reserve colder than that of Senator Lodge has been known variously as Mt. Tacoma or Mt. Rainier, depending upon whether you were in Tacoma or Seattle—the Tacomans holding to one view, the Seattleites whirling about another. For decades the two cities have derided each other with a bitterness exceeding the disdain of New York for Brooklyn or of Albany for Troy. Even in the epistles of St. Paul to Minneapolis we find nothing so intense.

At a meeting of the Combined Chambers of Commerce it was my happy thought to suggest the composite name, Mt. Tanier, which was greeted with wild enthusiasm. All that remains is to pass a special act of Congress and possibly amend the Constitution. And now to my story.

It was a crisp, clear September day when our scaling party motored from Tacoma up the preliminary slopes to the mezzanine level upon which is located Paradise Inn. I was pleased to note in passing that the Douglas firs were doing nicely, some of them having grown over three hundred feet since I last saw them. The most important single item of climbing equipment is a good hotel, which the Park Commission has thoughtfully provided. My choice of the Nisqually Glacier as the one to be investigated was due entirely to its proximity to Paradise Inn, where we rested for the night.

CRITICISMS

Gazing at the towering mass of ice above me, I could but think with pride that here was another instance of Western energy and push. The annual ice output of Tanier actually exceeds the combined efforts of the three great Swiss plants, the Stieselberg, the Wimpfhorn and the

Axelgriese. But let us not be caught napping. German and Swiss ingenuity are constantly at work and high-speed glaciers are but a matter of time. We are not perfect. I noticed, for instance, that the Nisqually was very dirty. My hosts explained, guiltily I thought, that at this season before the winter snows the ice becomes covered with dust, ground from the glacial moraine. Granted; but if Nature will not do the job, Man must. There is a splendid opportunity for an enterprising glacier-cleaning company.

THE START

We began our climb at dawn on the following day. The season of greatest floral beauty was just over. It always is. However, there remained a few blossoms of the purple *Bryanthus* or wind-flower named after Wm. Jennings Bryan. This blooms unexpectedly at any season.

We made our first stages on horseback. My mount was a shaggy, sure-footed steed of mixed Shetland and



"Even carry him over the roughest spots."

Arabic stock. He was not above four hands, three fingers in height, which was an advantage as I could steady him with my feet and even carry him over the roughest spots. Above the timber-line we checked our horses and prepared for the actual climb.

EQUIPMENT NOTES

No mountaineer should be without stout hob-nailed boots and trousers which may also be hob-nailed or equipped with reinforced or sliding seats. In addition, I carried my axe, alpenstock, knapsack, field glasses, extension ladder, camera, bale-hook, oxygen-tank, sleeping-bag, rope, eid-elweiss and yodel. As I have never been able to yodel vocally, I have devised a metal substitute which is much finer than the original. Having no alpine hornist, I requested one of the guides to bring his saxophone with which to rouse the echoes, as this is always done.

We were now at an altitude of 8000 feet and the panorama was magnificent. Valleys and streams lay below where they naturally should be. Almost directly above us was the zenith, while on the horizon I marked the serrate Tattoosh Ranch looking like the largest and most efficient back-scratcher in the world.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Once on the ice I was pained to find that it was filled with great cracks or crevasses, which our geologist explained were caused by what are called "faults" in the substructure. These should certainly be remedied. Crossing them we were roped together, but you may be sure I kept my axe ready in case anyone behind me should slip. An object or person dropped in one of these slots

(Continued on page 33)



"We were soon sliding merrily homeward."



Impossible Adventures
No. II
"Come just as you are, dear."

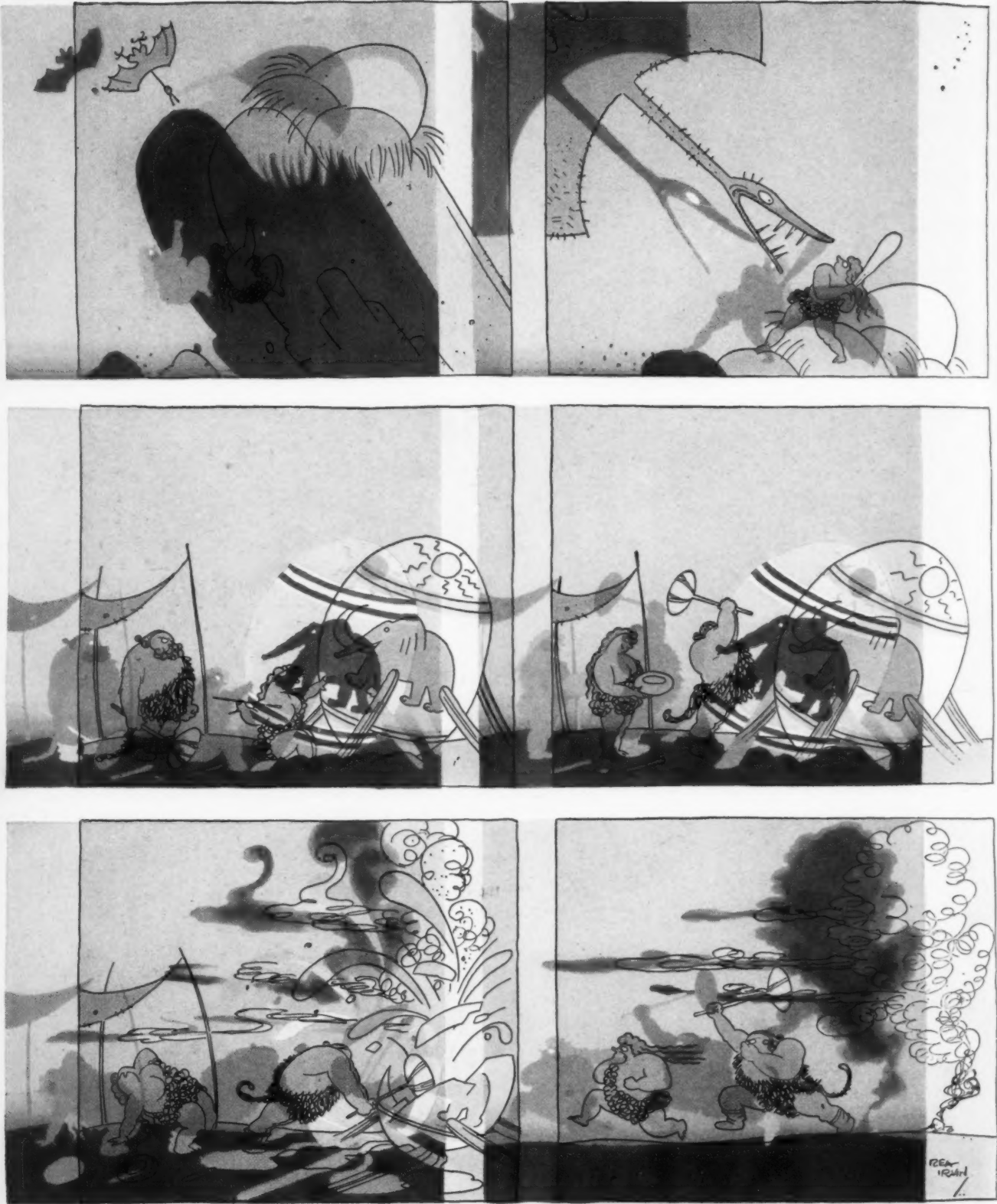


The Magic

LIFE •



e Magic Pool



The Tale of an Ancient Easter Egg

Man's Medicine

THIS Earth's a foolish place,
Hell-bent it seems to drive,
And men upon its face
Interminably strive.

As they have always gone
From scrap again to scrap,
They tend to go right on
And mutilate the map.

Folks say they always will
Because they're built that way.
It's easier to kill
Than in accord to stay.

But now invention's flight
So aids them to destroy,
A fear has come to blight
The old-time battle joy—

The fear man's got so smart
With guns and planes and gas,
He'll have to change his heart
Or off the planet pass.

Poor man, he loathes the choice;
He wriggles to rebel;
He loves to raise his voice
And tell folks—Go to hell!

He loves to grab and gain;
He loves the good old rule;
It gives him awful pain
To own he's been a fool.

He reveled in his strength
And worshiped what he made,
And finds himself at length
Of his own tools afraid.

He's torn with inward strife
Whether to take the count,
Or make his rule of life
The Sermon on the Mount.

Who would his debts escape,
His debtors must forgive;
Who would his life reshape,
Must help his neighbor live.

Man's medicine is that,
He greets it with a frown,
And reaches for his hat,
And says it won't go down.

But that's the only cure,
He'll take it some fine day,
E'en now by paths obscure
One sees him on the way.

He's got his fill of fight;
His old-time point of view
He knows was never right;
He'll change it, or he's through.
E. S. M.



"Ah! What's the use o' givin' me this? There ain't no place to roll a hoopie around up here."

Sayings of Famous Women Drivers

Trixie Tornado: I came, I saw, I shut my eyes.

Sarah Skidmore: Don't stop for a traffic signal till the cop can see the whites of your eyes.

Ruth Rigid: For how can one die better than in a glorious smash?

Desdemona Desperado: Give me gangway or give me death!

Griselda Grim: You can dodge some of the pedestrians some of the time, but nobody can expect you to dodge all the pedestrians all the time.

Imogene Imp: Surrender the right of way in the name of Women's Rights!

The Pendulum

"I suppose one should turn to reverse again. Being common has become so ordinary."

The Mild West

OUT in the romantic, magnetic, and virile West; out where the cold, gray mountains are colder, grayer, and more mountainous than any cold, gray mountains you ever saw; out where the men are all 100% he-men, two-fisted and likewise two-footed, two-eared, two-eyed, not to mention two-tonsilled; out thar (that is not a typographical error), out thar there's a town which calls its Garbage Department the Table Refuse Department. Tie that!

It was disappointing to discover that the gar—pardon—the table refuse collectors wore the conventional overalls rather than the somewhat more appropriate flannels with jacket of shetland homespun and cap of the same material.

A WOMAN always needs two hats when traveling: one to wear and one to carry in a band-box.



Matinée Trouble



Laurette Taylor
(As Seen by Roland Young)

GIVE an actor his head and a good stretch of special matinée-space, and he will tear frantically either into Shakespeare or the rôle of a dope fiend. And both are equally effective in bringing out the worst in him.

There has been a rush of special matinées of late. After seeing them, the supposition is that most of them were put on in the afternoon in order that the authors might attend without having to sit up beyond their bedtime. Yes, and that goes for the author of "King Lear," too, if he ever thought it would make good dramatic entertainment.

Certainly Reginald Pole did nothing to prove it in his production of the play a few Mondays and Fridays ago. Here we saw a very natty old man, resembling ex-Senator J. Ham Lewis, whose chief kick against his daughters seemed to be that when he visited them they insisted on cutting his retinue of fifty servants down to a measly twenty-five. A flight of three steps running across the stage made it possible for Mr. Pole to stamp up and down them as he read his lines, three steps up for the first half of the speech and three steps down for the rest. Interest was sustained on the part of the audience during these scenes by the hope that perhaps he would trip and fall. A really just God would have had him fall heavily on the *Fool*, who was always just beneath him, and who turned out to be quite the most offensive fool in Shakespeare's long list of irritating zanies.



AS a general thing, we try not to be as personal in our written dislikes as we have been in Mr. Pole's case, but we feel that something really ought to be done to discourage actors from donning doublet and hose and taking a shot at Shakespeare the minute they get spare time and sufficient backing. If there is a streak of ham anywhere in an actor, Shakespeare brings it out. It makes them roll their "r's" and their eyes. It makes them say "me heart" and "me life," and stretch out the right hand with the fingers fixed like those of the lady in the advertisements who is showing her new washing-machine to her visitors. It makes them sonorous, and forces them to laugh in a hollow manner as they leave the stage to cover up the impossible rhymed-couplet exits which the author has given them. Next to Robert Hichens, Shakespeare has probably been just about as bad an influence in the English-speaking stage as there is to-day.

IF he doesn't try Shakespeare, the foot-loose actor revels in a nice, twitchy dope-fiend's part. Lowell Sherman is too good an actor to tackle anything so obvious as "Morphia." Of course, whatever he does is done well, and with his genius for comedy, he is able to make even the turgid lines of his present matinée offering sound like something else again. But he shouldn't have to fight against the author. And he shouldn't have to sit in a green spot-light and twitch in order to show that he is a good actor. Any actor, good or bad, could do that. That, and screaming, "I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid!" as Miss Menken does in "Seventh Heaven," are both included on page 3 of the Actor's Manual. And there are some 15,000 pages in the volume.

"Morphia" is the kind of play in which the hero, billed as "an author of distinction" early in the first act, says: "Don't look at me like I was a ghost."



WHEN "March Hares" was first produced a few seasons ago, we, being new on the job, hesitated to say how much we liked it for fear that our readers would think us crazy. Now our readers know that we are crazy; so we feel quite free to announce, after witnessing its revival at a special matinée, that it is one of the most delightful things we have ever seen. Furthermore, we have grown so cocky that we can say to anyone who doesn't like it: "All right, that lets you out."

Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the author, has accomplished a feat for which he should be hailed as the most remarkable writer of comedies in sight. He has put together three acts without once using old stuff. Practically every line, every situation, every character in "March Hares" is the creation of Harry Wagstaff Gribble and no one else.

You may or may not laugh at them, but you must admit that they are being offered to you for the first time. Moffat Johnston now plays the leading nut, and removes some of the atmosphere of decadence to which many objected in the earlier performance. Norma Mitchell and Adrienne Morrison were in the original cast, and could hardly have been spared. Miss Mitchell and Charlotte



Peggy Wood
(As Seen by Roland Young)

Granville in particular are ideal readers of Gribble lines, which is about as high praise as we can give. R. C. B.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Adding Machine. *Garrick.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Fool. *Times Square.*—Modern problems in the light of Christianity and with an eye for the box office.

The God of Vengeance. *Apollo.*—The police may have stopped this by now and the world will probably manage to stagger along without it.

The Guilty One. *Selwyn.*—To be reviewed next week.

Hail and Farewell. *Morosco.*—Florence Reed in the same old love tragedy, this time with a bustle on.

Humoresque. *Vanderbilt.*—The rather salty precipitation left after Fannie Hurst had poured off a short story and a movie. Laurette Taylor gives it distinction.

The Last Warning. *Klaw.*—The mystery show of the season.

The Love Child. *George M. Cohan's.*—French family life with all the fixings.

Loyalties. *Gaiety.*—It would be hard to find a better combination of acting and play-writing in town.

The Masked Woman. *Eltinge.*—Helen MacKellar saved from outrage by Lowell Sherman's weak heart.

The Moscow Art Theatre. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Real acting—in Russian.

Pasteur. *Empire.*—To be reviewed next week.

Peer Gynt. *Shubert.*—Poetic drama with occasional thrilling moments and Joseph Schildkraut as the hero.

Rain. *Marine Elliott's.*—A smashing attack on several things not commonly mentioned, Jeanne Eagels commanding. Should not be missed.

Romeo and Juliet. *Henry Miller's.*—Jane Cowl charming as Juliet.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth.*—Proving the dramatic value of a whip and an off-stage rendering of the Marseillaise.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic.*—The fact that there are enough people in New York to keep this going ten months explains why Hyman is Mayor of New York.

Anything Might Happen. *Comedy.*—A delightful cast performing the supposedly impossible operation on a sow's ear.

Barnum Was Right. *Frazee.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Comedian. *Lyceum.*—To be reviewed next week.

Give and Take. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Burlesque-wheel version of the Capital and Labor problem, without the chorus girls to make it bearable.

Icebound. *Sam H. Harris.*—Ordinary New England drama, made extraordinary by the acting.

Kiki. *Belasco.*—We are going to run out of comments long before Lenore Ulric and this play run out of patrons.

The Laughing Lady. *Longacre.*—Ethel Barrymore as Ethel Barrymore.

The Love Habit. *Bijou.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Love Set. *Punch and Judy.*—To be reviewed later.

Mary the 3rd. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—The new idea in marriage stated in pleasant terms which can offend no one.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort.*—Glenn Hunter as the heart-breaking comedian who thought he was a hero.

The Old Soak. *Plymouth.*—The usual heart-interest, with an unusual character.

Papa Joe. *Princess.*—Pretty bad.

Polly Preferred. *Little.*—Another movie play, entertaining if unimportant.

So This Is London! *Hudson.*—Loud-needle satire on Americans and English.

The Sporting Thing to Do. *Ritz.*—Emily Stevens in a play about three miles beneath her.

Why Not? *Forty-Eighth St.*—Dialogue on divorce which will appeal to all those who have been through high-school.

You and I. *Belmont.*—An excellent cast in a self-conscious but amusing play.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Better Times. *Hippodrome.*—Write to your congressman and keep this institution from being torn down. What would you do with the children during vacations without it?

Caroline. *Ambassador.*—Good music, if that's all you want.

The Clinging Vine. *Knickerbocker.*—Peggy Wood in a very nice show.

The Dancing Girl. *Winter Garden.*—The runway has been taken out. Otherwise as usual.

The Gingham Girl. *Earl Carroll.*—Pleasant.

Go-Go. *Daly's.*—To be reviewed next week.

Jack and Jill. *Globe.*—To be reviewed later.

Lady Butterfly. *Astor.*—Maybe Johnny Dooley has made it better than when we saw it.

The Lady in Ermine. *Century.*—One of those spectacular ones.

Little Nellie Kelly. *Liberty.*—Cohan speed show.

Liza. *Nora Bayes.*—Negroes in a riot of singing and dancing.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box.*—Lots of gold and silver, with Bobby Clark furnishing the comedy.

Sally, Irene and Mary. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Still going from last summer.

Up She Goes. *Playhouse.*—Tuneful and generally pleasing.

Wildflower. *Casino.*—Delightful music.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam.*—The Follies—that's all that's necessary.



Enthusiast: She's a past mistress of Legato.
Dowager: Dear me, those fickle Italians.

Perrine's Return

STAR MISSING FOR 2 GENERATIONS RETURNS AS ONE OF COMET TRIO

Cambridge, Mass. (Associated Press).—The spectacle of three comets swinging through the skies is afforded astronomers for the first time in many years. To the two comets, Skjellerup's and Baade's, that have been under observation for weeks, another was added to-day. The tailed star known as Perrine's, making another visitation to our stellar system after an absence of two generations, has been sighted again.

"WELL, if it isn't old Perrine's!" said Skjellerup's. "Come here, you old son-of-a-gun you, and give an account of yourself. Where have you been all these generations?"

"Oh, just flying around," said Perrine's, secretively.

"A likely story!" said Baade's. "Just flying around with what?"

"Say, look at here," protested the wanderer. "Can't a comet go off by himself once in a while without being ragged all over the place and put through the third degree the minute he gets back?"

"O-ho, touchy, is he? If there's one thing I hate, it's a touchy comet.

You must remember, Perry, that if we wanted to, we could find out exactly what you've been doing. All we have to do is look on the records at the Harvard observatory and there it is in black and white, probably with her name and everything."

"Oh, is that so?" said Perrine's hotly. "Well, since you think you're so smart, it *isn't* on the records at the Harvard observatory. I've been out of this solar system entirely. They couldn't have seen me if they had wanted to. And I'll tell you right now that where I've been is the greatest little place in the universe. And cheap! Why, say, I got a room and bath and three meals a day (and, boy,

let me tell you they were *some* meals, too. *Hors d'œuvres*, soup, roast, two kinds of vegetables, salad, dessert and coffee), all for a hundred and twenty-five kronen, that's about—let me see—eleven cents in our money."

Skjellerup's and Baade's looked at each other apprehensively.

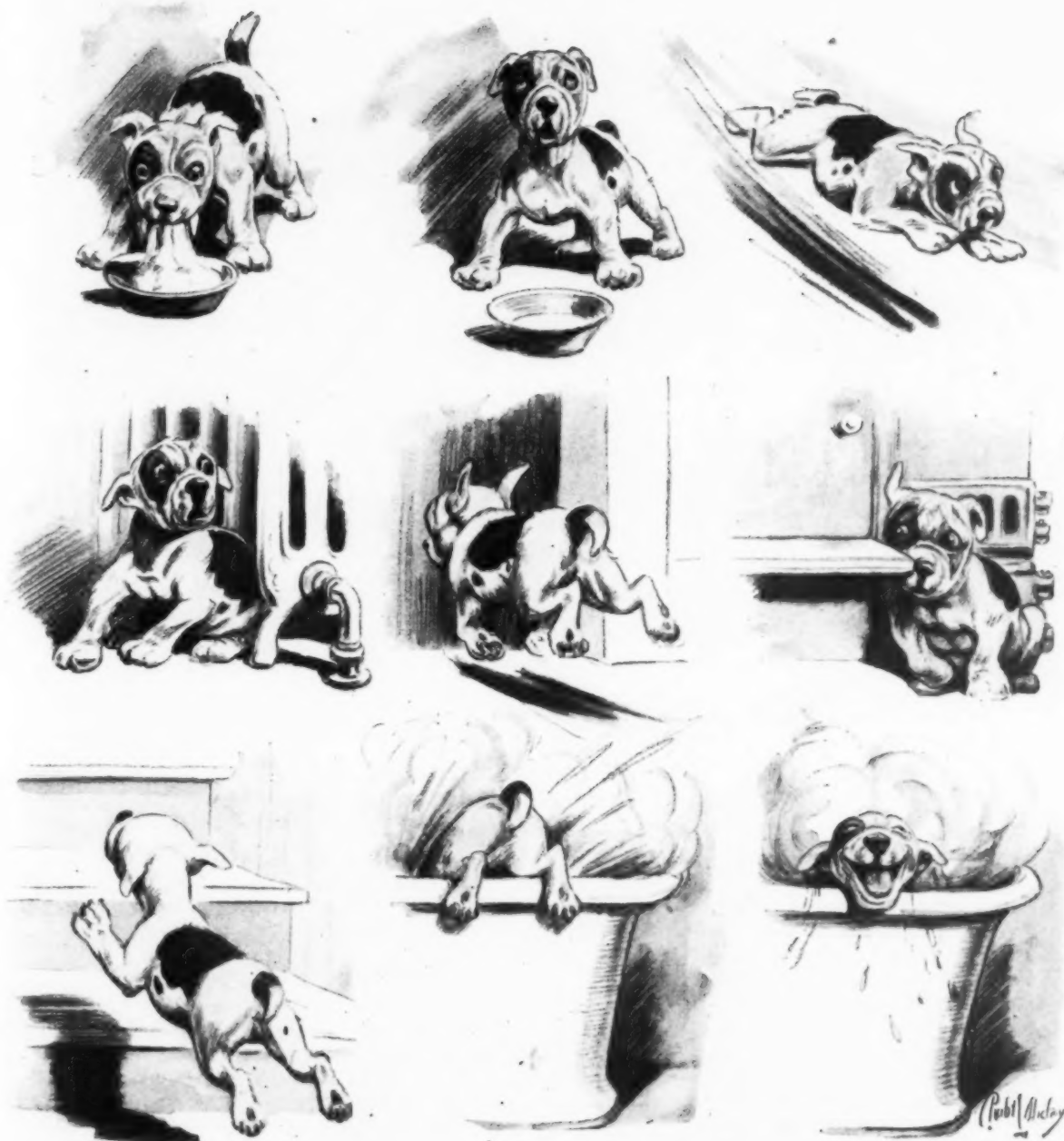
"Have a little something to drink," suggested Baade's, more to change the subject than anything else. "It's all right, I can guarantee it. My doctor gave it to me for Christmas."

"Put it up, quick!" whispered Skjellerup's. "They're watching us down there at Harvard."

"I suppose you guys think that you know good liquor when you taste it.



"Say, isn't there a better road than this to Westport?"
 "Waal, yes, they is, but most folks take this one fur the scenery."



Movie of a Bull Pup and a Dish of Ice Cream

Well, I could show you a little place where I've been that would make your eyes pop out of your heads.

"And say, let me tell you another thing," he continued. "You all here don't know what climate is. Why, we took a little swirl down the line over there, lasting maybe ten years, and I give you my word that only once in those ten years did we run into anything that you could

really call bad weather. And that wasn't anything more than a shower."

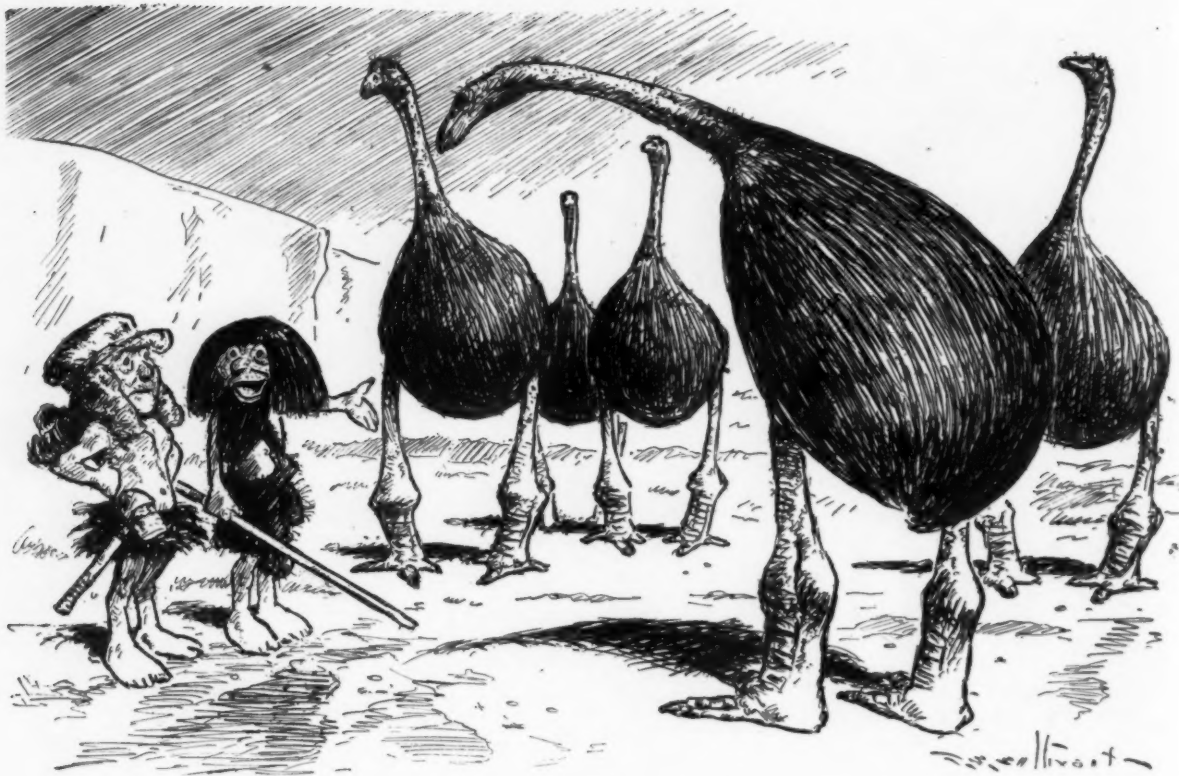
The music of the spheres unfortunately cut in at this point, but the following item, when it appears, will explain what finally happened.

TWO COMETS VANISH FROM AGE-OLD TRIO

Cambridge, Mass. (Associated Press)—Astronomers here are mys-

tified at the sudden disappearance of two comets which formerly made up the trio known as "The Jolly Three." Skjellerup's and Baade's are the names of the two missing tailed stars, while Perrine's remains the only one of the group to be visible from the observatory. It is thought that Skjellerup's and Baade's are in hiding somewhere.

R. C. B.



Cave Farmer (to neighbor inspecting his flock of young ostriches): Say, Ed, what do you think of those for a bunch of pullets?

The Vanishing Scholar

("May Drop Latin or Greek from Yale A. B. Requirements."—New York Times.)

THUS to the all-devouring mob
 Another old perfection throw,
 Best were it to complete the job,
 Let Greek as well as Latin go—
 And why not French and English, too?
 For all the things we have to say
 Won't classic Esperanto do?—
 With German for a rainy day!
 Fo: all our sorry needs of speech
 Too noble is the Latin tongue,
 With thoughts beyond our hucksters' reach,
 And hauntings of illustrious song.
 For Cæsar's bronze and Virgil's gold
 We have no use, I quite agree,
 Or Greek, like mellow thunder rolled
 Along the tranced Ægean sea.

We that ourselves no more concern
 With gods, or God, or aught divine,
 And in the universe discern
 Naught but mechanical design,
 And man himself a creature made,
 Even as the stars that chart his sky,
 For brief and dusty ends of trade,
 Ant-like, to "make his pile" and die.

Enough for us those arts terrene
 By which our money-markets thrive,

The way to run the last machine,
 Rivals to rob, and cars to drive;
 The soul, with all its starry dreams—
 For all such "bunk" we have no time;
 Will the soul help us in our schemes,
 Or bring us in a single dime?

O Alma Mater, the last home
 Of arts and sciences humane,
 If lost the refuge of your dome,
 Man out of Chaos climbed in vain;
 If you shall falter in your trust,
 Man's spirit dies—while eyeless hordes
 Trample fair learning in the dust,
 And Mud is crowned the Lord of Lords.
R. Le G.

Consolation

NO man can be so great a fool that he may
 not be made comfortable, spiritually and
 financially, by thousands of others more foolish
 than himself and eager to believe every word
 he says. Wherever one looks one beholds some
 Great Unrecognized Incapacity, like a bald
 barber, pouring quack tonics onto the visibly
 hopeless but invisibly credulous heads of his
 willing dupes, who purr "More! More!"
 Nothing succeeds like failure.

Anna May and the Rabbit

A Story in the Recognized Easter Spirit

WHEN Anna May told her mother that she just had to have the black-and-white rabbit, her mother smiled grimly.

"Wouldn't ye rather a limousee, darlin'," she asked, "or a fur coat, or a pair of silk stockin's?"

Which, if not encouraging, was at least effective. Anna May saw the point. She betook herself to the florist on the Avenue and applied for a job delivering plants. Particularly around Easter florists are known to take on extra unskilled and minor help for this purpose. But the florist was firm.

"Little girl," he said, "I don't believe in child labor. What I need is a strong young boy." To soften the blow, the florist, being really a kindly man, gave Anna May an obsolescent carnation which he was about to discard anyway.

That left Anna May nothing to do but to go back again to the Luxor Pet Emporium and stare longingly through the plate-glass window. This, you will agree, was a thoroughly useless occupation. The rabbit was a big, fat one and cost five dollars. It couldn't possibly ever belong to Anna May. But true love is like that.

When the little Gooble, who was about, helping his mama to market, saw Anna May gazing rapturously at the black-and-white rabbit, he promptly yelled for it. Mamma said if he was a good boy and ated all of his soup he *might* have it for Easter. But your true Gooble is like time and tide. The rabbit departed with the little Gooble, and Anna May had a very unlovely crying fit right there on the sidewalk. This pleased the little Gooble even more than his newly acquired pet.

Anna May moped for several days and annoyed her father terribly. He hadn't any money to throw away on rabbits, he said, and anyway it was already bought, and leave the child stop crying and get those foolish notions out of her head, and *stop crying*, for Heaven's sake!

Then Anna May saw the black-and-white rabbit in the Goobles' back yard, which was awfully swell and



Judge: Where wuz you when she threw the lamp—speak up—I say where wuz you?

Witness: Say, Judge, how do Ah know where Ah wuz when Ah wuz goin'?

had an iron railing around it instead of a common wooden fence. But the little Gooble didn't take kindly to her presence. After taunting her to more tears, he howled for the cook. The cook, being an obliging creature, came running out with a broom. Anna May discreetly retreated.

The next time Anna May looked in on the Gooble back yard, the rabbit was entertaining itself without any assistance from the little Gooble. Being a true *Lepus cuniculus*, it was secretly digging a hole. Anna May noticed the hole was located well against the iron railing and in the general direction of the great world beyond. Further scouting was interrupted by the cook and the broom. But Anna May returned anon with one of her mother's table spoons and a dawning hope. That afternoon, if the little Gooble thought he did anything to Anna May when he stuck out his tongue at her as he passed on his walk, he thought wrong.

Very early Easter morning, Anna May and the rabbit finished digging

the rabbit's tunnel. Some time later, she basked in the warm heart of her family, enjoying the calm and genial freshness of the spring day.

"Listen to them church bells, will ye?" remarked Anna May's mother pleasantly to her husband, Anna May's father.

Anna May looked up and hugged the black-and-white rabbit closer to her meagre self. Then she made a cryptic remark.

"Them's no bells," volunteered the wicked young thing; "that's the little Gooble howlin'."

H. W. H.

Romance Sleeps

ROMANCE is sleeping,
The mischievous one.
I lull her
With my soft weeping.
When my work is done,
I will call her.

And we shall play, she and I;
I will not wake her yet,
Lest I forget
My goal—the sky! B. S.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Adam's Rib"

IT is an open secret that Cecil B. De Mille's expensive photoplays have received highly irreverent treatment in this department of LIFE. Although painfully conscious of the fact that Mr. De Mille is the most successful box-office director in the world, I have displayed an incomprehensible but consistent antipathy toward his works.

This flippant attitude has called down considerable wrath upon my head. One movie trade paper has even intimated that I have some deep personal grudge against the producer of "Male and Female" and "Fool's Paradise," and has suggested that Mr. De Mille take legal action against me, and "put this dyspeptic old crab in his place."

There is no ancient grievance between Mr. De Mille and me. In fact, I'm not so sure that he ever takes the trouble to read my reviews. Even if he happened to see the suggestion of the man who classified me as "a dyspeptic old crab," he probably replied, "I didn't even know he was sick."

CONSEQUENTLY, I feel that I can review Mr. De Mille's pictures with a clear conscience—knowing that I can not involve my employers in any costly libel suits.

"Adam's Rib" is somewhat above the usual De Mille standard—which statement may be added to the Dictionary of Faint Praise.

It is too long, because all the De Mille productions have to be of at least eight reels, whether the story warrants this expenditure of footage or not. For this reason, there are several moments when the spectator reaches for his hat under the

impression that the film is over, only to be halted by a sub-title which starts with the words, "But, on the other hand—" or some such qualifying phrase.

There is one gorgeous scene in "Adam's Rib" which represents a woodland glade in the Neanderthal Age, with cave men and women moving about warily among colossal trees. The advertisements of the picture explain that this episode is designed to disclose the origin of the flapper, but it is really much more intelligent than that. It demonstrates that Mr. De Mille, in spite of the kidding of the smart-aleck brigade, can be a genuine artist when he tries.

"Mad Love"

THE movie producers, with characteristic astuteness, always release their red-blooded, Northwest melodramas in the summer, because the snowy backgrounds have a psychologically cooling effect on the humid audiences. On the same theory, they save up their films of flaming passion for the chill winter months. One hard-working vampire is said to be equivalent to a ton of coal.

It would be difficult to compute the number of calories that lurk in the vivid personality of Pola Negri, but I should be glad to match her against the Sahara Desert any day. She could melt a glacier with one look.

In "Mad Love," Miss Negri appears as the idol of the Odéon—a typical Parisite. "Liane, they call her on the boulevards," is the way the sub-title expresses it. She sends one lover to a lunatic asylum, and then marries his kinsman, who has

rushed from the provinces in quest of revenge. Ultimately the gruesome maniac escapes, and the fun becomes general.

Both as an actress and as a spectacle, Miss Negri is superb. I extend my heartiest congratulations to Charlie Chaplin.

"Mr. Billings Spends His Dime"

WALTER HIERS has been elevated to a star's estate because he is fat, and also because he is a thoroughly competent comedian. Fortunately, his weight isn't nearly so important as his talent.

His first starring picture is a foolish farce entitled, "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime." Mr. Hiers fits snugly into the rôle of a corpulent clerk, who yearns for romance and discovers the object of his vague cravings in the colored portrait of a Spanish beauty on the band of a ten-cent cigar.

The success of Walter Hiers is an encouraging sign. By his legitimate ability, he has removed all unpleasant memories of certain fat comedians who have gone before. His avoirdupois shouldn't be held against him.

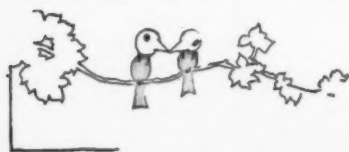
Kidding the Cloth

THE Pennsylvania censors have banned Charlie Chaplin's picture, "The Pilgrim," on the ground that it makes the clergy look ridiculous.

Theirs is a commendable motive; they should follow up their action, and suppress a few thousand ministers on the same charge.

R. E. S.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 34)





Beautiful FIBERLOID Gift Ware

Do you know that many of the articles you use every day are made of this durable material, Fiberloid—combs, pendants, bracelets, optical frames, tooth brushes, knife handles, fountain pens, buttons, shoe buckles, toys, et cetera? Fiberloid is made in beautiful ivory, tortoise, amber and gold colors, and takes a brilliant finish. It can be so easily sawed, bent or pressed that many manufacturers use it to advantage in place of other materials.

Toilet Articles with the stamp *Fiberloid* will neither tarnish, dent nor crack, and can be obtained at the leading stores in the distinguishing *Fairfax, Rosemont, Avondale and Berkshire* patterns. Brushes, combs, mirrors, manicure and other articles may be purchased singly or in attractively boxed sets. A monogram easily engraved and inlaid with contrasting enamels adds to the charm and intimacy of possession.

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The Turning Worm

I always have wanted to see a story about a man who slavishly obeyed all laws and heeded all instructions until one day he disregarded the sign "Passengers Not Allowed to Stand on the Platform," was neither arrested nor divinely damned, and became a violent individualist.

—F. P. A., in *New York World*.

No Biblical Remarks

When the Rev. Percy Grant said that he refuses "to be a parrot and merely repeat what is in the Bible," he must have had in mind a very different kind of parrot from ours.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Tut-ankh-Amen

How a cynic in the *Star* hits off the situation in Egypt as it strikes the looker-on:—

B. C. 1100—Funeral rites.

A. D. 1923—Cinema rights.

—*Glasgow Bulletin*.

HEAVEN help those who help others to help themselves!—*Argus (Seattle)*.



DIETARY

"I am happy to know that my establishment was recommended to you by one of my former boarders."

"Yes, indeed, madam; I'm trying to get thin, you see, and he advised me to come here."

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

No Sense of Humor

Love laughs at locksmiths? True:
And prison bars;
Parents and portents too,
And hostile stars.
From Love, fate's sharpest sting
A smile provokes.
Love laughs at everything
But jokes.

Love seeks the moon for this—
Her smile effused
All sympathetic is,
She's not amused.
Love laughs at all discerned
Below, above,
Except the joke that's turned
On love.

To wit that subtly jeers
Young Love is blind;
All passions else he shares
With humankind.
Weep, and your tears he'll quaff,
Echo your moan;
But laugh at Love—you'll laugh
Alone!

—*Columbia (S. C.) State*.

Adaptation

An interesting device—that motor truck which "walks like a man." Now for a pedestrian who can run like a motor truck.

—*New Orleans Times-Picayune*.

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18 Place Vendôme
Paris



*"Buy one Royal Cord—
try it on the right hind
wheel"*

To the new users of Royal Cords —probably a million in 1923

MOST rules are all the better for being broken once in a while.

There's an advertising rule, for instance—never to ask anyone to buy a thing and try it.

When the makers ask you to try a Royal Cord on your right hind wheel they may be breaking the rule, but you will benefit thereby.

The makers of Royal Cords, for their part, can't see why making friends should ever go out of fashion.

The more quality a tire has—and the more leadership—the greater its obligation to be

simple and direct. Royal Cords earned their position of high regard by simple things.

You can easily see that people's confidence in Royal Cords could never have been won by quoting a lot of *big mileages*, talking *big discounts*, or going through all those other kinds of gestures with the idea of registering *big*.

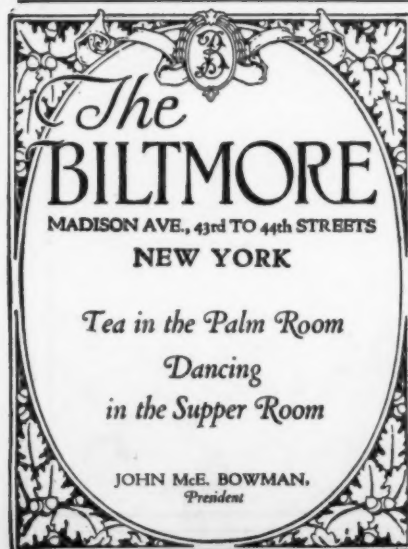
The makers of Royal Cords devote themselves to guarding quality and have no desire to dazzle customers.

Their ideas seem to be right, because U.S. Royal Cords are the measure of all tire values today.

United States Tires are Good Tires



Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Small Wonder

Keith Preston of the *Chicago News* retails this story, related by William McFee to illustrate the endless rivalry that exists between the bridge and the engine room on Atlantic vessels:

A certain captain and his chief engineer, tired of endlessly debating which the ship could the more easily dispense with, decided to swap places for a day. The chief ascended to the bridge and the skipper dived into the engine room. After a couple of hours at most the captain suddenly appeared on deck covered with oil and soot, bruised as to one eye and generally the worse for wear.

"Chief!" he called, wildly beckoning with a monkey wrench. "You'll have to come down here at once. I can't seem to make her go."

"Of course you can't," said the chief, calmly removing his pipe from his mouth. "She's ashore."

—*Kansas City Star*.

The Completed Village

Stopping in a small town a travelling man said to a prospective customer:

"It has been twenty years since I was here last. Many buildings gone up since then?"

"No," replied the resident, "none that I know of."

"Any new railroads or street cars?"

"No."

"Planning any improvements?"

"No."

"Well," said the travelling man, "I've been all over this country, and this is the first town I have seen that is what you might call actually finished."

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Autonomy

SON: What are revenues, Papa?

PAPA: Those are the taxes that Uncle Sam collects.

SON: What does Uncle Sam do with them, Papa?

PAPA: He spends them to run the government, Sonny.

Silence, then, "Daddy!"

PAPA: Yes, Sonny?

"Let's start a government."

—*Denver Post*.

Adventure

Susan, a New York child who had never lived outside a flat, visited her grandmother in the country. Asked on her return what she liked best, she replied:

"Going up-stairs to bed."

—*New York Sun*.

Light-Fingered Ancestors

"You should see Priscilla's collection of old snuff-boxes handed down from her great-grandmother."

"Then the old lady took snuff?"

"No, only snuff-boxes. She was a kleptomaniac."—*Boston Transcript*.

Chivalry

Chivalry has been described by a cynic as the noble quality in a man that makes him considerate of any woman who is beautiful and isn't married to him.—*Tit-Bits* (London).

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A Howler

In reply to the query, "Who brought gifts to the Infant Jesus?" which appeared on the Scripture examination paper of a Skegness school, one pupil appended: "Mr. Frankincense and Mr. Myrrh."—*Christian Life*.

Classified Advertising

"Pretty divorcée wishes to be married. Excellent recommendations from former husbands."

—*Sans-Gêne* (Paris).

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Topping Mt. Tanier

(Continued from page 16)

will emerge perfectly preserved at the foot of the glacier in approximately one hundred and sixty years. Anyone doubting this statement is invited to prove it.

At noon we had made such progress that we decided to strike for the summit. We found no faults at this level and the rope was discarded, the climb soon resolving itself into a race. Here I must confess to an advantage. In my knapsack was an aluminum cylinder of compressed helium-gas which so decreased my weight that I soon outstripped my fellows. The guides were amazed. Ever and anon I would wait for them, meanwhile rousing the echoes with my yodel or by singing "Upidee."

At dusk we reached the crater, which bore a striking resemblance to the Yale Bowl after a blizzard. Descending within it we found shelter in an ice cave still warmed by the primal fires which had originally formed this great dome. How odd it seemed to think that my friends in the world below were suffering from lack of coal while I slept in a steam-heated apartment high above the note of the last trolley car.

We were astir at daybreak to view the sunrise. Unfortunately the day was overcast. Clouds had gathered during the night and we gazed down on what looked like a superfluous amount of cotton waste. Thus we saw what is seen by most mountain climbers, absolutely nothing. A few moments later I sounded the "retreat" on my yodel, and turned the spigot of my helium cylinder, and we were soon sliding merrily homeward, our way being easily traced by the bits of equipment discarded on the previous day.

"WHAT'S your opinion of civilization?"

"It's a good idea. Somebody ought to start it."

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SAID a great educator in a recent address before a prominent college of medicine: "Medicine has changed. For centuries it was curative, and is now preventative." We may well ask ourselves what steps we are taking to prevent the entrance of disease germs through the throat—the portal of our system.

We should be as zealous—even more so—in maintaining the health and cleanliness of our throat, as in caring for any other part of the body. It is through the throat that man's greatest enemy, the germ of in-

fection, seeks to invade the system. That is why years ago, a physician gave us *Formamint*, the germ-killing throat tablet.

It is indeed a pleasant tasting tablet. Dissolving slowly in the mouth, it sets free a powerful, yet harmless germicide that mixes with the saliva, thus penetrating every nook and crevice of the throat, searching out and destroying the germs of infection.

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Lines to a Village Gossip

You told my wife—perhaps the truth;

But who are you to judge my habits?

You're old and crabbed; I have youth;

Why on my time should you keep tab? It's

True my conscience wasn't clear,

Arriving at a time when few stir;

But when I said, "Just midnight, dear,"

Why did you crow, Misguided Rooster?

W. D.



"Isn't it remarkable what they are finding in King Tut-an-kh-Amen's tomb?"

"Yes, and there, at least, one is sure that the furniture is antique."

—L'Illustration (Paris).



It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful flavor that cannot be duplicated. To know how good a cigarette can be, you must try a Lucky Strike.

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An airplane writing
Lucky Strike on the
sky—two words 6½
miles long—each
letter a mile high.
The advertising
sensation of 1923.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 28)

NOTE

The following list includes current pictures which have been previously reviewed in LIFE and recommended to our readers.

Robin Hood. *United Artists.*—Douglas Fairbanks as the merry outlaw of Sherwood Forest.

When Knighthood Was in Flower. *Paramount.*—Marion Davies in a 16th Century spectacle.

Shadows. *Preferred.*—An interesting story of religious bigotry in a sea-coast town.

Peg o' My Heart. *Metro.*—Laurette Taylor and her dog Michael come to the screen.

Java Head. *Paramount.*—Hergesheimer's story of old Salem, adorned by Leatrice Joy.

Down to the Sea in Ships. *Hodkinson.*—A thrilling epic of the New Bedford whalers.

Oliver Twist. *First National.*—Jackie Coogan as the youthful hero of Dickens's novel.

The Hero. *Preferred.*—A searching exposition of post-war hero-worship.

Fury. *First National.*—Richard Barthelmess as a maritime *Tolable David*.

The Toll of the Sea. *Metro.*—A variation of "Madame Butterfly" in color.

Dr. Jack. *Pathé.*—Harold Lloyd as a cheerful disciple of Dr. Coué.

Salome. *United Artists.*—A combination of Nazimova and Beardsley backgrounds.

Making a Man. *Paramount.*—Jack Holt as a Californian who travels to New York to be reformed.

Second Fiddle. *Hodkinson.*—A comedy-melodrama with Glenn Hunter.

Driven. *Universal.*—The home life of the moonshiners vividly described.

The Hottentot. *First National.*—Douglas MacLean in a fast-moving farce.

The Pilgrim. *First National.*—Charlie Chaplin.

Back Home and Broke. *Paramount.*—Thomas Meighan poses as a bum.

Poor Men's Wives. *Preferred.*—Homely hokum, set forth in an original manner.

For Review Next Week.—"The Covered Wagon," "Brass" and "Jazzmania."

Books Received

The Sign of the Serpent, by John Goodwin (Putnam).

The Shining Road, by Bernice Brown (Putnam).

Koto, by Lafcadio Hearn (Macmillan).

I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson, Edited by Rosaline Masson (Stokes).

The Charing Cross Mystery, by J. S. Fletcher (Putnam).

The Globe Hollow Mystery, by Hannah Gartland (Dodd, Mead).

The Hinges of Custom, by Ednah Aiken (Dodd, Mead).

The Coast of Eden, by Robert L. Duffus (Macmillan).

Titans, by Charles Guernon (Duffield).

The Globe Trotter, by H. I. Phillips (Doubleday, Page).

R. U. R., by Karel Capek (Doubleday, Page).

Alaska, Our Northern Wonderland, by Frank G. Carpenter (Doubleday, Page).

The House of Yost, by Georg Schöck (Boni & Liveright).

The Eternal Masquerade, by H. Dennis Bradley (Boni & Liveright).

Versiflage, by Percy Waxman (The H. K. Fly Co.).

Prosperity: How to Attract It, by Orison Swett Marden (Success Magazine Corporation).

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Dietetics

"THE meat, if taken at all—and mind you, I do not recommend it as a diet," said Dr. Digh A. Teticks, the eminent specialist, peering over the rim of his glasses, "should always be ah—er—boiled, thoroughly done, and never with any salt. Salt creates, as you know, arteriosclerosis or in ah—er—plain language, hardening of the arteries."

The Portly Patient nodded.

"And vegetables, if served at all upon the ah—er—prandial board, should never be cooked in water. Always in their own juices. It preserves their nutritious qualities. And salt should not under any circumstances be used with them. It is very dangerous."

The Portly Patient registered a comparative comprehension.

"Eat plenty of celery, oysters, radishes, eggs, corn-on-the-cob, and lettuce," advised the specialist. "But no salt on them. They are filled with the proper calories and vitamins, but are injurious if taken with salt. Personally, I never use salt. Hardening of the arteries is a dread disease. Men of your age and mine, sir, should never eat salt."

The Portly Patient sighed heavily and left the office.

* * *

"Did you know Dr. Teticks was dead?" asked his friend some weeks later. "You went to him, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the Portly Patient, "I did. What did he die of?" he added hopefully; "hardening of the arteries?"

"No," said the friend; "softening of the brain."

W. D.

INTUITION is only a polite word for woman's chronic suspicion.

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RED BLOODED, BANG-UP STORIES!



12 Great Books!

Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande Stephen Chalmers

"Lookin' for Trouble in my middle name," said Impulsive Pip, adventuring cowpuncher. And there on the border, among raiding Mexican bandits, train robbers, Texas rangers, a prairie fire—not to mention a pair of blue eyes—he did not have far to look.

Loaded Dice Edwin L. Sabin
A romance of Texas of the early days, when lives depended on the quickness of draw, and all the courage of the pioneers was needed to brave the perils they so fearlessly faced. A thrilling tale of men who were jugglers with death.

Sontag of Sundown W. C. Tuttle
The story of the question of ownership of the T3 ranch—a question which promoted bloodshed and a war of no mean caliber. The cowpunchers of this story will live long in your memory for their originality and enterprise. They are men whose best friends were their nerve and their gun.

Spawn of the Desert W. C. Tuttle
A tale of Calico Town:
Where men lived raw in the desert's maw, and Hell was nothing to shun; where they buried 'em neat, without preacher or sheet and writ on their tombstone, crude but sweet, "This Jasper was slow with his gun."

Arizona Argonauts H. Bedford-Jones
Three adventurers whose fortune in the Arizona desert led through drought and danger to the goal they sought, gold, free gold, the gold of which they had always dreamed. They were men quick on the trigger who loved to face odds.

The Lure of Piper's Glen Theodore Goodridge Roberts
It was the lure of all the great timber country of the North, of plentiful game, of the clear wind from the great plains. The call came South; young Jim Todhunter heard it, and a great tide of life in the north caught him up to bring adventure a-plenty.

Apache Valley Arthur Chapman
A story of a cattle war in the southwest, with all it means—terror and blood feud; alarms by night and day; rustling and stealthy murder. And through it all are woven the lives of true men as well as thieves, men whose lives reflected the glories of the land they protected.

The Challenge of the North James B. Hendryx
This is a story of the call of the great Northland; of purposes and cross purposes; of true men and of "bad" men; and of big deals and pioneering triumphs. A tale of the north which held for the young, the strong and the brave adventures that are countless.

The Second Mate H. Bedford-Jones
Pell and mutiny on the China Seas. When every scupper was running red, and with two white women at the mercy of a villainous crew composed of the sweepings of the outermost islands, Jim Barnes, realized the gage of desperate battle he had accepted when he signed on as second mate of the **SULU QUEEN**.

The Devil's Payday W. C. Tuttle
A sky of brass, the sun a flame,
And the land no place to dwell;
A hunk of earth, no doggone hot
That it still belongs to Hell.

The Canyon of the Green Death F. R. Buckley
Who were the devils in human form whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible, they brought the redoubtable young officer of the law to a strange dilemma. The law of the land commanded him not to desert his prisoner; the law of the desert ordained that he stand by his companion. Which did the Fates decree he should obey?

Sky-High Corral Ralph Cummins
A yarn of the unending feuds between cattlemen and forest rangers; of the forest fire, grazing herds and bitter fights at timberline. Yet in the end one gallant young ranger through ordeal of battles, fire and blood brought the old timers to see that the new ways of forest conservation are best.

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"Listen and I will tell you:
"HE IS GREAT who feeds other minds.
"HE IS GREAT who inspires others to
"think for themselves.
"HE IS GREAT who pulls you out of
"your mental ruts, lifts you out of the
"mire of the commonplace, whom you
"alternately love and hate, but whom
"you cannot forget.
"HE IS GREAT to whom writers, poets,
"painters, philosophers, preachers, and
"scientists go, each to fill his own little tin
"cup, dipper, calabash, vase, stein,
"pitcher, amphora, bucket, tub, barrel
"or cask."

From Hubbard's *Little Journey on*

Jean Jacques Rousseau

Was Elbert Hubbard a Great Man?

Listen! And These Men Will Tell You

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY—"Hubbard's was a mountain spirit, free, strong and utterly untrammelled in this very complicated world of ours. We can ill afford to lose his voice."

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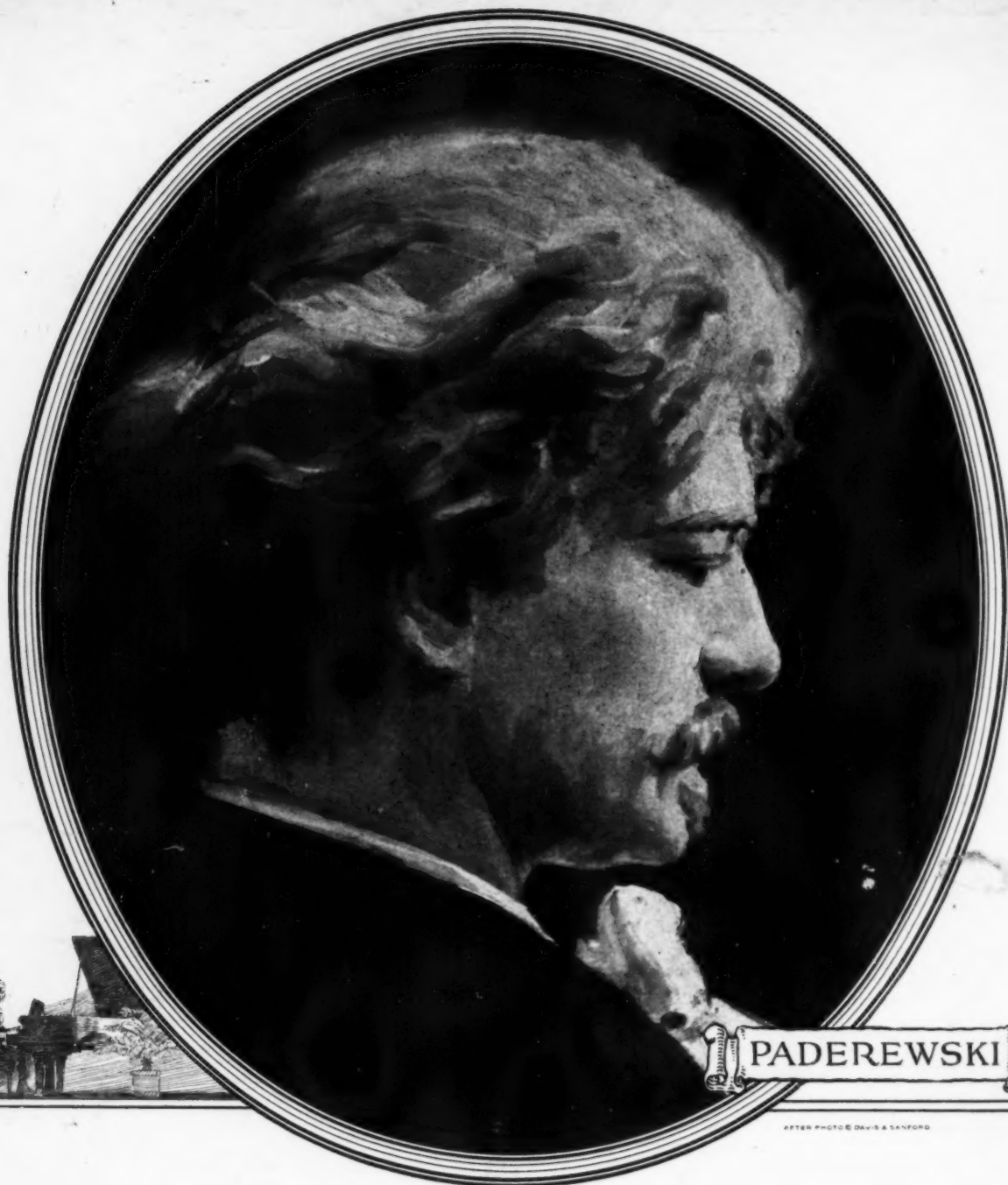
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